

Sneakers by PlusSizeReader

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Summary:

Robin Buckley x Plus size!reader

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Summary: Reader and Robin went to high school together, but never really talked. All that changes when reader stops by at Scoops to see an old friend.

Sneakers

The first time Robin saw you, she felt like she couldn't breathe.

She hadn't seen you since high school and it didn't exactly go well then. You had treated her like the dirt beneath your sneakers, but that didn't, in any way, lessen the feelings she had for you. All through high school, she had been obsessed with you-

But you had never noticed.

You were popular, way more popular than she had ever hoped to be and you didn't run in the same social circles. You two had a few classes together but when you entered Scoops, it became clear that you didn't remember her.

Instead, your attention stayed locked on Steve.

You two had been close, because unlike Robin, Steve was popular. You went to parties together and shotgunned the same beers, and had things in common. Robin knew that there was no chance a girl like you would ever go for her.

She didn't even know if you would be interested, but it didn't matter.

The sight of you was enough to bring a blush to her cheeks, her hands getting clammy as you approached the counter. You had gotten even more beautiful than the last time she saw you, and until now, she didn't even know that was possible.

"Hey, is Steve in?" you wondered, your voice sweet as it left your lips.

The girl in front of you had been expecting the question but that didn't make it hurt any less. Just hearing you say that crushed her heart into a bunch of tiny little bits...of course you weren't here to see her.

That would just be too good to be true.

"I think he took a bathroom break, is there something I can get you

while you wait?” she wondered, gesturing to the various flavors of ice cream they had. There had to be something that would make this less awkward.

It was bad enough that every fiber of her being was screaming at her to get out of here. She just couldn't be in front of you like this, having felt what she did...knowing that you didn't even remember her name.

...Or so she thought.

Without missing a beat, you smiled.

“Chocolate chip” You hummed, poking at the glass with a single finger, the air around the two of you calming instantly at the allowance.

It wasn't huge, but it was somehow less awkward than before-even if it was only by a small margin.

“Just like in high school” she smiled, remembering how you'd always order it when they offered it at the cafeteria. It was a Freudian slip of sorts, something she hadn't meant to say but it just came out.

Whether she wanted it to or not.

“High school? Oh my god? Sneakers?” you asked, as if that was supposed to mean something to her. She nodded, though she had no idea why you would call her that, until you blushed. As it would turn out, you'd had a Freudian slip of your own.

When you were in high school, you had this nickname for the kid you liked at school. It was good for talking about the person without them knowing. You had always called her...

Sneakers.

“Sorry, Just a nickname I used to have for you” you shrugged, understanding just how awkward this way now. Robin didn't even know you knew who she was, but as it would turn out, you even had a nickname for her.

She was shocked.

You clearly knew who she was...and it was amazing.

Before you could further make a fool of yourself, Robin smiled, deciding to break the silence before you decided to leave. "I didn't even know you knew my name" she allowed, leaning a little closer to you at the counter, just to make the whole thing that much more intimate.

Of course you knew her name. You had only been obsessed with her since freshman year.

"Yeah, it's Robin-I know" you grinned, your skin getting hot.

You were embarrassed. Not only had you been a colossal bitch to her but you'd also just outed yourself as a huge dork.

...This day couldn't get any worse.

"And I'm-" you started, only to be interrupted by the blonde, "Y/N" she filled in, she had been a bit too excited for it but at this point, you both just felt super awkward. There was no other way to put it than that.

In fact, the only thing that could make this whole thing worse would be if Steve decided to show up. He was the only person in the world who knew about your crush on the girl in front of you and he was about as subtle as a freight train.

There would be no way to keep it a secret if he got ahold of the two of you in one space.

"This is so crazy, I really wasn't expecting to run into you today" you hummed, watching as Robin started scooping your ice cream into a cup. She had been so preoccupied with talking to you that she almost forgot you had asked for some.

She had gotten pretty good at it since she started working there, so it was easy but before she could hand it over, she got an idea.

The tension between you two was palpable at this point.

Both of you had so much to say but no ground to do so and one of you was going to have to make a move eventually. It was clear that you wanted to, but you didn't want to risk being shot down if you tried.

That would be the only thing more awkward than this already was.

"Here" Robin smiled, scooping a little bit of the ice cream into a spoon and holding it out to you. You paused for a second, unsure if she was being serious or not but when the spoon didn't budge from its place, you nodded.

The ice cream was cold on your tongue and sweet, but you could hardly focus on that. Instead, you kept your eyes on Robin, who just kept admiring you as if you were the most beautiful creature she had ever seen.

You had to admit that as odd a meeting as this was, it seemed right.

You had been thinking about this since you were sixteen but you never actually thought that you would end up this close to her. As it would turn out, Sneakers was much more charming and adorable than you ever could have imagined.